MEN AND RELIGION

SELECTIONS FROM

Fellowship Hymns

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MEN AND RELIGION

SELECTIONS FROM

Fellowship Hymns

CLARENCE A BARBOUR, Editor

The hymns appearing on the following pages have been selected, at the request of The Men and Religion Forward Movement, from the recently published book entitled "Fellowship Hymns," compiled and edited by Clarence A. Barbour, D.D., of Rochester, N. Y. After careful consideration, the leaders of the Movement concluded that Dr. Barbour's book contained just the type of hymns, in both words and music, suited to their purposes. In order to make a few of these hymns available at small cost, the publishers have brought out this abridged edition for use in connection with the campaigns of The Men and Religion Forward Movement.

Sample copy, postpaid, 10 cents.
Per Hundred, $5.00, plus carriage.

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SELECTIONS FROM

FELLOWSHIP HYMNS

Worship—General

1 CRUSADERS' HYMN

Arr. R. S. Willis

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

From the German

9 DIADEM

James Ellor

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

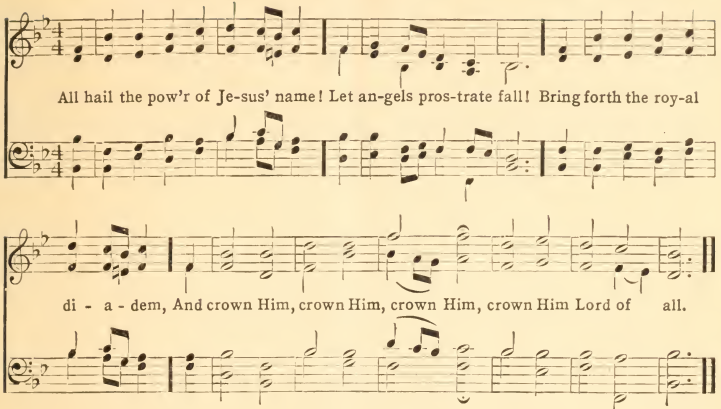
3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet

MILES LANE (Second Tune) W. Shrubsole



CORONATION (Third Tune) O. Holden

18 ITALIAN HYMN

F. Giardini

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley

67 HAMBURG

Mason

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

101 TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

W. H. Doane

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128 ARMAGEDDON

John Goss, arr.

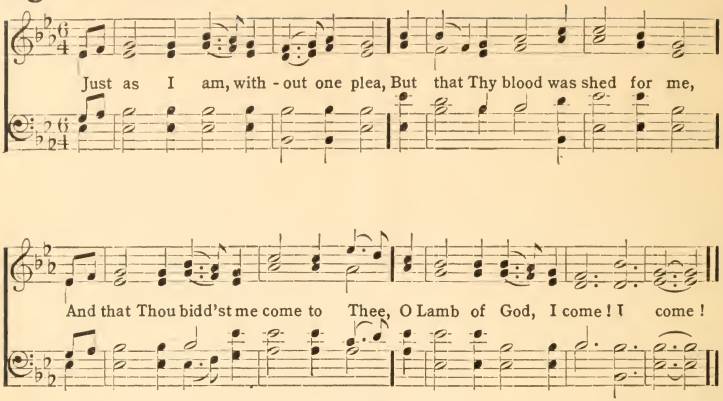
2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died;
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Frances R. Havergal

131 WOODWORTH

Bradbury



2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am,—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

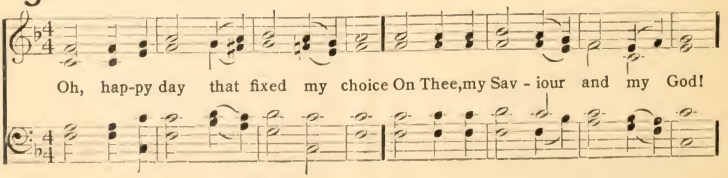
5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

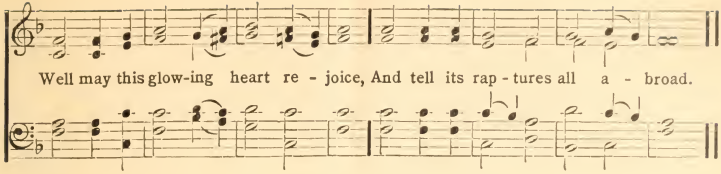
6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott

132 HAMBURG

Arr. by Mason





2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge

133 I'LL LIVE FOR THEE

C. R. Dunbar

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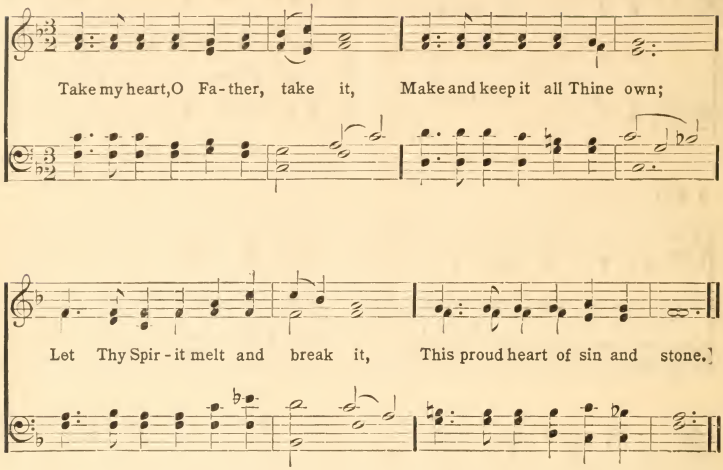
2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 O Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free;
I consecrate my all to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

R. E. Hudson

145 ST. SYLVESTER

Dykes



2 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it,
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

3 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

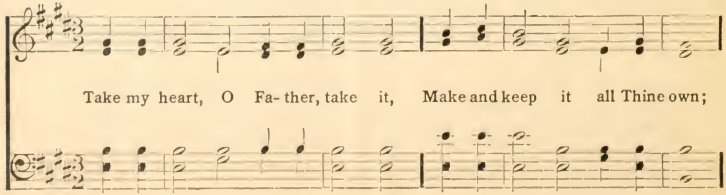
4 Ever let Thy grace surround it:
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it;
Make it to be wholly Thine.

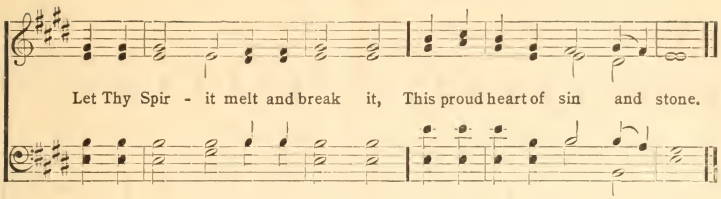
5 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Anon.

TALMAR (SECOND TUNE)

Woodbury





146 ELTON

F. C. Maker

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire: [fire,
Speak through the earthquake, wind and
O still small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier

150 ENGLISH AIR

Anon.

2 Show me Thy face—my faith and love
Shall henceforth fixed be,
And nothing here have power to move
My soul's serenity.
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
And all I feel and see,
Illusive, visionary,—Thou,
The one reality!

3 Show me Thy face—I shall forget
The weary days of yore,
The fretting ghosts of vain regret
Shall haunt my soul no more.
All doubts and fears for future years,
In quiet trust subside,
And naught but blest content and calm
Within my breast abide.

4 Show me Thy face—the heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear,
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet the years will fleet,
Life seem as brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burden down,
And entered into rest.

Anon.

176 ST. CATHERINE

H. F. Hemy, adpt.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick W. Faber

182 ALL SAINTS

H. S. Cutler

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber

183 PENITENCE

Spencer Lane

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see:
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery

187 ST. GERTRUDE

Sullivan

Trial and Battle

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

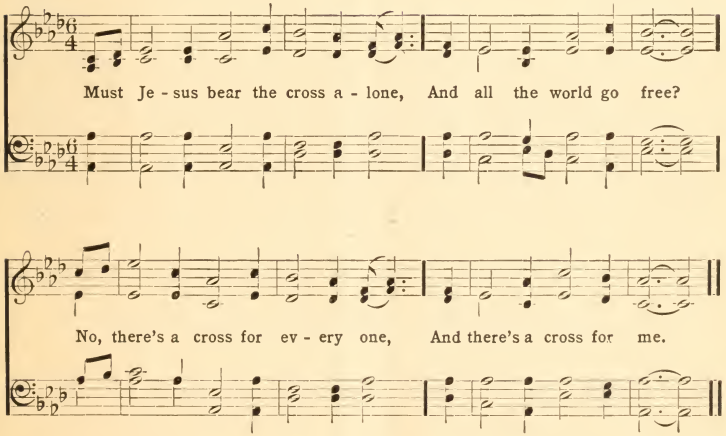
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
Glory, praise, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

S. Baring Gould

188 MAITLAND

George N. Allen



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Thomas Shepherd, et al

190 DIADEMATA

G. J. Elvey

2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley

193 EIN' FESTE BURG

Luther. Arr. H. P. Main

2 Did we in our own strength confide
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing;
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther

197 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

Adam Geibel

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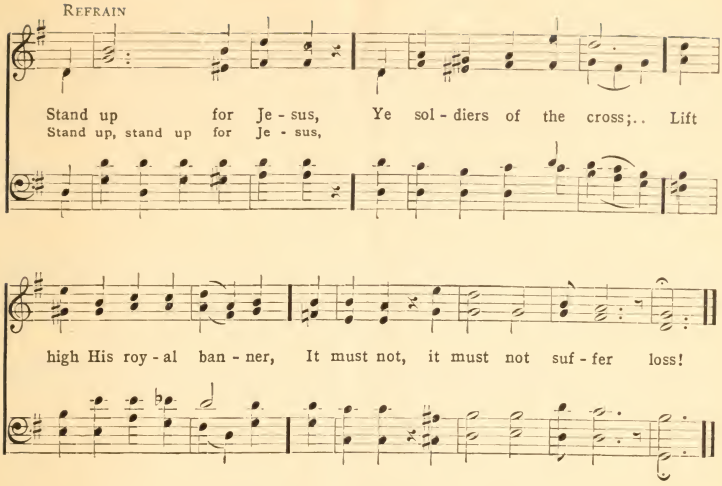
Victory



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose!

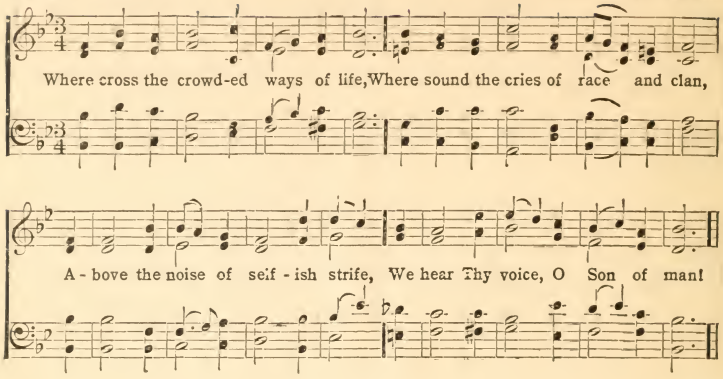
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield

232 GERMANY

Beethoven



2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

F. Mason North

248 AURELIA

S. S. Wesley

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone

261 TIDINGS

James Walch

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

3 'Tis Thine to save from peril or perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil Thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.

266 MATERNA

S. A. Ward

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2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates

269 AMERICA

Henry Carey, ad.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith

270 GOD SAVE THE KING

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Anon.

271 BRITAIN AND AMERICA

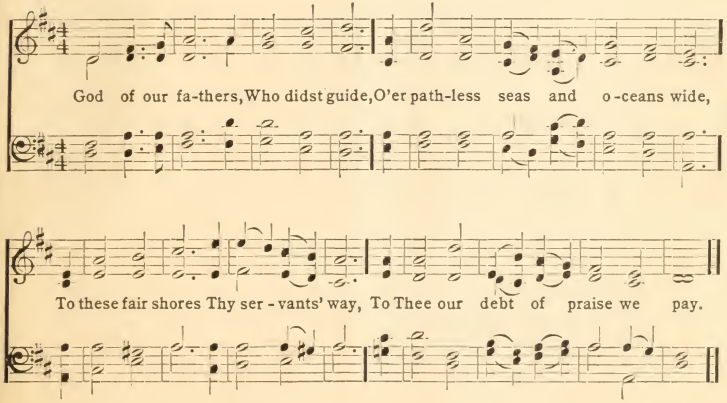
1 Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

2 Now may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

George Huntington

272 TRURO

C. Burney



2 In perils of the land and sea,
Our fathers were upheld by Thee,
And every passing year has brought
Its tokens of Thy loving thought.

3 Thou knowest how with faith sublime,
They fought for freedom in their time;
Their courage fed by heavenly flame,
Their talisman Thy holy name.

4 Great God, our fathers' God, defend
Our land from all her foes, and send
On us, Thy servants, streams of grace,
And guide our feet in paths of peace.

George A. Warburton

Thanksgiving

311 DIX

C. Kocher

2 For the beauty of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,—
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,—
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

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